


“THE BEACON”





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THE BEACON

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER



**STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
AT NORTH ADAMS**

Sponsored by the Class of 1937

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IN APPRECIATION OF HER PATIENT AND TIRELESS
EFFORTS EXPENDED IN OUR BEHALF,
WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1937,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THE COMMENCEMENT ISSUE
OF THE BEACON
TO OUR CLASS ADVISER

MISS ELIZABETH M. JENKINS



GROVER C. BOWMAN
PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I wish to express my appreciation of the spirit of friendliness and goodwill with which you greeted me upon my assumption of the office of president. In so many ways and so often was this spirit shown, that I almost at once felt that I belonged, and that I could say in all sincerity, "our college".

I do not wish to think of our institution as one consisting of a president, faculty, and students with sharp distinctions, but rather do I consider it as a cooperative family in which each shares responsibilities and contributes to the realization of the objectives of the college.

This is a college with noble traditions. Those who preceded me in my office have set high standards of character and achievement which shall ever be a challenge to me. The form and expression of ideals change, the ideals remain ever the same. This college shall, to the limits of my capacity for leadership, continue to educate and train high grade teachers for our public schools in an environment and social life that shall be beautiful, wholesome, and happy.

You, as students, are always the first consideration. This college exists for you and through you for the State that supports it. To the degree it serves you, and you serve it, are its purposes realized.

Because we are a small college we can know one another. As president, I hope to know you not as a student group but as individuals. In the fine spirit in which you have greeted me I trust that the barrier of officialdom may be easily broken down and that each one of you will soon know me as a personal friend. Of that honor and privilege may I be worthy.

Grover C. Bowman





ALBERT GOULD ELDRIDGE

In Memoriam

ALBERT GOULD ELDRIDGE

1884 - 1936

The qualities of Mr. Eldridge's character already recounted here are those by which we in the training school shall always remember him. We appreciate this special privilege of voicing our special respect and affection.

With all the perplexing details of his responsibilities, with the added burden of failing health, he always kept within the scope of his thought and interest the children and the teachers of the training school. It was no small achievement that due to him the training school personnel felt its oneness with the Teachers College in purpose and in understanding. We remember him for the truly human interest which brought him often to the training classrooms. He rose above the mechanical routine of administration to sense the child as the heart of education.

We shall remember those occasions of a social sort when the spirit of fun swept away the restraint of his office and his grand sense of humor and gift of fun-making gave great joy to those with him. We shall remember him as a personal adviser whose penetrating understanding was tempered by a true sympathy. We who were here to stand by his side when the continuance of this institution was in doubt know how truly deeply he loved the school. We shall above all remember him as a man in the truest sense of the word. His squareness and trustworthiness find significant expression in the record of placement of our graduates, a task and accomplishment that was his. We remember him for his quiet, firm insistence on what he felt to be decent and right when the easier way would have been to compromise with conscience and to court personal popularity.

He must, we may be sure, remain in our memories as a man of courage almost beyond belief, who day after day gave way by not a fraction of an inch to the misery that would have broken the will and courage of the average man. To have known one who faced death calmly, bravely and with self-control, to have known one who did not know what it was to spare himself, who drove himself to the duties cheerfully and vigorously as long as mortal strength endured, to have known Albert Eldridge is to have been granted a rare privilege and inspiration.

R. F. H.



MISS PEARSON

If any North Adams Normal School graduate, State Teachers' College student, faculty member, past or present, were asked to give a synonym for art, the answer would be Miss Pearson; so completely does she express the art life of this college.

Everyone who has learned through her wit and wisdom enjoys more of the beauty of living; the eye is "led to look at a tall tuft of flowers beside the brook"; each "drinks the wine the morning spills" and sees the light on yonder hills.

Although Miss Pearson has warm and understanding appreciation of the Berkshires, she is quite the wanderer to places strange and fanciful. Her eyes of wonder and hands of skill have given to many the joy of vicarious travel, and now that "another dream argues the death of an old duty" we wish her great happiness in her continued search for beauty.

G. L. D.

UPWARD

“A tree that looks to God all day,
And lifts its leafy arms to pray.”

These lines by Joyce Kilmer give rise to the debatable question, “Why do tree branches point up?” Foresters will tell us that the limbs reach upward towards the sun, spreading to admit the light, to allow the air to circulate freely, and to stimulate fully the capillary flow of the necessary fluids manufactured in the little factories called leaves. This reply is correct but does this material explanation satisfy? Does it leave with the hearer the same feeling, the same sudden realization of the greatness of the Heavenly Father that Kilmer’s explanation leaves?

His lines give a wonderfully simple and natural answer to the question. It is a pleasant thought, that of a tree spending its lifetime in a gentle, murmuring prayer to the Great Creator, a prayer emphasized by every sighing wind or careless breeze, by each rude storm which, passing, leaves the sturdy limbs tempest tossed, still pointing upward, and by myriads of happy songsters who, nesting in the foliage, send their sweet chorus to the heavens in a melodious sweep of sound. In sunshine or storm, by day or night, in summer or winter, spring or fall, the “leafy arms” are eternally lifted, rendering praise.

These two answers to the problem are both fine. Each contains a beautiful thought, but one is material; the other, ethereal. One is printed in science textbooks; the other is written indelibly in the hearts of many, small and great. One satisfies the intellect; the other, the soul. One is taught in the classroom; the other we learn to value highly as we journey through life.

Each explanation is absolutely necessary. Food is needed for both mind and soul, and food for both is found in the answer to our question. Without the spirit, of what use are the workings of the mind? Without the thought behind, of what use the spirit? Without Kilmer’s beautiful idea of the Being behind our being, of what good the wonderful story of the life He gave? Our little question is answered. The thoughts which have risen from it have challenged ages of wise and brilliant men.

Rita Mead '37



FACULTY

GROVER C. BOWMAN
President

Mr. Bowman received his A.B. from Williams in 1906 and his A.M. from Yale in 1912. He has also done graduate work at Columbia.

He began his work in the educational field at a private academy in New York City. For about five years he was rural supervisor in various towns in Connecticut. He was superintendent at Fairfield - Westport, Seymour, and Thompsonville, Connecticut. He was instructor of education at Middlebury College Summer School from 1914 to 1918 and at the Yale Summer School from 1920 to 1924. He came to North Adams as superintendent in 1922. Mr. Bowman has been a member of the faculty of the University Extension Department for thirteen years.

BERNICE BATCHELDER
Instructor in Reading Methods, Children's Literature, Language Methods, Activities and the Integrated Curricula, Story Telling, Hand Writing, Geography, American History, and Education for better Human Relations.

Miss Batchelder is a graduate of Bridgewater Normal School. She received her B.S. in Education from Boston University and an M.A. from Teachers College, Columbia.

She has attended many summer schools and has taught in several. Being a specialist in reading and music, she has traveled all over United States lecturing and demonstrating for Silver Burdett and Co. Miss Batchelder's experience as a teacher of primary grades was obtained at North Reading, Wakefield, and other Massachusetts towns. She was also primary supervisor at Salem Normal School in charge of four rooms.

LILLIAN BOYDEN
Instructor of Music

Miss Boyden is a graduate of Bridgewater Normal School. She received her B.S. and A.M. from Boston University. She has had experience as head of Music Department, Friends School, Wilmington, Delaware, Director of Girls' and Womens' Activities at St. Bartholemew Parish House, New York City, acting Dean at the Gorham Normal School, Maine, Academic head of Junior High at the Knox School, Coopers-town, New York, and Resident Director of the Students' House, Boston.

Miss Boyden has also had six years of intensive private study in piano, organ, and voice.

THOMAS F. CUMMINGS
Instructor in Practical Arts

Mr. Cummings is a graduate of the North Adams Schools and has taken a summer course at Columbia University. He is Manual Training Supervisor of the North Adams Schools as well as at the State Teachers College.

GRACE LOUISE DONELSON

College Librarian

Miss Donelson is a graduate of the North Adams Normal School, she has attended the Breadloaf School of English, and studied under Professor Boas and others. She has taught at the Mark Hopkins School and at the Tome School for Boys, Maryland.

ROGER F. HOLMES

Director of Practice Teaching

Principal of Mark Hopkins Training School, Instructor in Educational Psychology, Methods, and Management

Mr. Holmes received his A.B. degree from Wesleyan University, and his Ed.M. from Boston University.

He has had experience as Teaching Principal in Cummington, Massachusetts, Instructor in Latin, ancient history and English literature at the Wellesley Hills Junior High School, and Supervising Principal at Quincy, Massachusetts.

ELIZABETH M. JENKINS

Instructor in Arithmetic Method, Educational Psychology, Rural Education, and Civic Education.

Miss Jenkins is a graduate of Aroostook State Normal School, received her M.A. Degree from Columbia, and has had graduate study at Plymouth, New Hampshire Normal School, Johnson, Vermont Normal School, Columbia University, and Chicago University.

She has been demonstration teacher and supervisor of primary grades at Aroostook State Normal School, Maine principal of State Teachers Training Class, Barre, Vermont, supervisor of rural Schools in Delaware, and instructor in rural education in Delaware University.

MARY A. PEARSON

Instructor in Art and Handicraft.

Miss Pearson is a graduate of Abbot Academy and the Massachusetts School of Art. She has had various summer courses at Round Lake, Saratoga, and Glens Falls, New York, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, Harvard University, Salem Normal School, State Teachers College at Amherst, Rhode Island School of Design, New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, and State Normal School, North Adams.

Her experience includes two years of rural work at Reading, one year in the grade school of Southbridge. She has been supervisor of art in towns around Boston.

MISS MARY UNDERHILL

Instructor in American and English Literature, Drama, History of Civilization, and English Composition

Miss Underhill is a graduate of Radcliffe, A.B. and A.M. She received her degree of Master of Education from Harvard in 1932.

She has taught college preparatory English in private schools in Oregon and Connecticut. She has been assistant in English at Harvard Summer School, and held instructorships in English at the North Carolina College for Women, Wellesley College, and Bryn Mawr College.

For the four years from 1926 to 1929 she was reader at the College Entrance Examination Boards.

WALLACE H. VENABLE

Instructor in Science, Economics, Arithmetic, and Advanced Mathematics.

Mr. Venable received his B.S. from the University of Vermont and his A.M. from Columbia University.

He has taught in rural schools in Shaftsbury and Bennington, Vermont. He was principal of the high school in Waitsfield and of junior-senior high school in Jeffersonville, Vermont, and has served as instructor at the North Adams Summer School.

BETH A. WESTON

Instructor in Hygiene, Child Health, Sanitation, and Theory of Physical Education, Director of Physical Education

Miss Weston was graduated from the Sargent School of Physical Education, and received her B.S. and Ed.M. in education from Boston University.

She has had experience in the teaching of physical education in New Brunswick and Atlantic City, New Jersey, and Brookline and Canton, Massachusetts. She has taught at Harvard Summer School, Hyannis Summer School, and at various playgrounds and girls' camps.

MRS. THERZA VAN ETEN

Matron of Taconic Hall

MISS TERESA FERGUSON

MISS BERTHA ALLYN

Secretaries



TRAINING SCHOOL FACULTY

Fannie A. Bishop, B.S.E.

Alice M. Card

Ethel M. Carpenter

Viola Cooper

Martha E. Durnin

E. Idella Haskins

Catherine L. Tobin, B.S.E.

Marion H. Ketchum

Loretta J. Loftus

Veronica A. Loftus

Ruth A. Lyman

Helen E. Mallery

Mary A. Nagle

It is to you, the teachers of Mark Hopkins, that we, the seniors, are especially grateful. You have indeed been of invaluable assistance to us during these past four years. To each of you, each one of us can truthfully say, "Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend."

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Tuesday, June Fifteenth, at Two O'Clock

PROCESSIONAL—Priests' March

Mendelssohn

THE OMNIPOTENCE

Schubert

Chorus

PRAYER

Reverend Pliny Allen

ADDRESS

Reverend Eugene Marshal, D. D.

SUMMER NOON

Gaul

A SPIRIT FLOWER

Campbell-Lipton-Treherne

Glee Club

CLASS GIFTS

Alma Benedetti '37 - Betty Neyland '38

AWARDING OF DEGREES AND PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

Roger L. Putman

Member of Advisory Board,
Department of Education

SINGING

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might!

For her our prayers shall be,
Our father's God, to thee
On Thee we wait!
Be her walls Holiness;
Her rulers, Righteousness;
Her officers be Peace;
God save the State!

John S. Dwight

THE SOCIAL CALENDAR

September 16	Opening of College
September 18	Freshman Reception
September 25	Recital by Mr. and Mrs. Safford
September 29	W. A. A. Picnic
October 2	Depression Dance
October 6	Fashion Show
October 17	SEVEN CENT FAIR
October 22	Mountain Day
October 23	Sophomore Hop
October 30	Hallowe'en Party
November 2	Lecture by Rev. Closson
November 12	Lecture by Sup't. Bowman
November 23	Illustration of Oil Painting by Mr. Blake
December 11	Scavenger Hunt
December 22	Christmas Party
January 8	Senior Formal
January 12	Tea for Pres. and Mrs. Bowman
January 29	Drama Club Play
January 29 - 31	Winter Carnival
February 7	Sleigh Ride
February 12	Glee Club Concert
February 19	W. A. A. Dance
March 19	St. Patrick's Dance
April 2	Sophomore Relief Dance
April 23	Freshmen Spring Dance
May 11	Lecture by Mr. Fowler
May 11	Play Day
May 17	Cap and Gown Day
May 17	Pres. Bowman's Installation
May 18	Todd Lecture by Father Aherne
May 28	May Festival
June 4	Senior Dinner Dance
June 11	Junior Prom
June 14	Junior Class Day
June 15	Commencement

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

It moves me now to take this time
To state some facts in prose or rhyme;
In rhyme or prose, it doesn't matter,
It all sums up to female chatter.

As freshmen, on excitement bent,
Our first year passed without event,
Except for work and one romance,
A Christmas party and a dance.

The Twig of Thorn, an Irish play,
With Winnie Smith and Tiny Shea,
Brought us into the famed limelight
And made us noted in one night.

'Twas then the love bug indiscreet
Swept two young soph'mores off their feet.
Mark Hopkins next drew our attention
Results of which I need not mention.

Our junior year caused all to see
That we agreed to disagree
Upon all matters, small and great,
Which are too num'rous to relate.

But our heart interests were the same
In senior year we made our name,
For with our Fair of Seven Cents
The scholarship fund did grow immense.

The New Year brought us Mister B.,
Sometimes we call him Grover C.
His tactics please us to the letter,
His dormitory rules far better.

With happy looks and satisfied,
We donned our caps and gowns with pride,
A happier, wiser class were we
Than when we came in thirty-three.

So may my friends, yes, everyone,
Mark these events as I have done,
So that they may, what e'er befalls,
The history of our class recall.

Rita Mead '37

CLASS WILL

We, the melancholy seniors, the "forgotten man" of next year, with joyful sighs and crocodile tears, swear this document to be our last will and testament. We wish to state that we are acting under no coercion from the underclassmen, and under no circumstances do we desire this will to be contested in court.

We hereby name the "fire escape" and the skeleton in the hygiene room as the executors of this famous masterpiece.

To the school we bequeath the honor and the glory of the class of '37, and money for a new arena in which the underclassmen can be comfortable in any fight they may wish to promote.

To Miss Pearson - a set of new drawing easels for her classroom which will not become loosened and fall with a loud clatter during a demonstration of the correct way to draw goblets, books and flower pots.

To Miss Jenkins - our dearly beloved class advisor, who was always a silent but effective influence on our stormy class meetings, we leave the season's crop of vegetables, flowers and novelties to be used at the next Seven Cent Fair, together with a mechanical clean-up man who will attend to all replacements about one A. M. the morning after.

To President Bowman - we, the senior class, give the honor and privilege of publishing our sociological research papers, which we already consider famous documents. We suggest that the profits be added to the fund started earlier in the year for new furniture in the dormitory.

To Miss Underhill - we leave a perfect class, if such exists; one that does all the suggested readings, attends the right moving pictures, knows how to sit through 2:15 class on Friday without looking sleepy, and does not groan aloud when truly collegiate assignments are posted. This class will also appreciate Miss Underhill's efforts to keep alive that old college custom known as "mid-years". In case the beneficiary misinterprets the above, we would like to state that there is much to be read in between the lines.

To Mr. Holmes - we leave a large roll of adhesive tape to be used in silencing the more loquacious members of his junior and senior classes who are never satisfied with anything, and who keep him up all night rearranging training school assignments.

To Miss Batchelder - a new system of ventilation so designed that windows can be opened at any time without incurring the wrath of the engineer. This system will also provide fur coats for the more susceptible students who find the temperature of the classroom too frigid for any thought or concentration.

To Miss Boyden - an electric eye to pick out the guilty individuals who find chorus period a golden opportunity to finish a letter or to discuss the clever remarks of the latest male acquaintance who has found his way into the sacred haunts of Anes'.

To Mr. Venable - a mechanical question box which will automatically flash forth his pet questions "Why?" and "What do you think about it?" whenever a bewildered student finds enough courage to ask about the intricacies of the electric motor or the action of a wet cell.

To Miss Weston - a rabbit's foot to carry in her pocket from henceforth and forever more, especially during the skiing season. If this charm fails to keep that active person on her feet we suggest that some of the members of the ski club undertake the work.

To Miss Donelson - a petite mannequin and a spacious salon in which to exhibit her luxurious wardrobe, which is the envy of all the girls at S. T. C. We feel that she needs some assistance, because she has so many charming clothes that she does not have the opportunity to wear them all.

To Mr. Cummings - a set of balls and chains which, when fastened to the legs of members of his class, will help them to resist the temptation of attending the matinees at the local theatres and keep their minds fastened upon the arts of woodworking.

To Mrs. Van Etten - a dependable, sphinx-like robot who will not mind waiting until the final stroke of the bell at Mark Hopkins sounds the hour of eleven, when all good little dorm girls say "good night" and troop up the steps and into the dimly lighted halls of the dormitory. Answering telephone calls in the booth will also be a duty of this valuable assistant.

To Miss Allyn - the eyes and ears of N. A. S. T. C., - an elevator and a pair of roller skates, which ought to be of great assistance to her in carrying out her duties.

To Miss Ferguson - a miniature rubber doll which, when squeezed, will say "You owe the state some money. When do you think you will be able to pay?" This doll might be placed in the office, where its operation would be most effective.

To the training school faculty - a training school that is a reality and not a mere dream, modelled after the latest trends in modernistic architecture, made of glass, so that each room will have an equal amount of sunlight.

To the underclassmen - we bequeath a borax ski slide for all future winter carnivals. All they need to buy is the borax for the front lawn and terraces.

To the dormitory girls - we willingly leave the big brown house across from the school to be used as an incinerating playroom with inflammable furniture and fixtures. (This is just in case the girls finally get tired of walking down the hill twice a day.)

To next year's house president - we leave the bulldog tenacity and the gentle spirit of Helen Stoker.

To Mary Connors - very generously (we think) is left the dignity and formality at dances that only Winnie Smith could ever possess.

To Louise Long - Rita Mead gives her coloratura soprano voice and her ability to get high marks without much effort.

To Rita Conway - goes the reserve and art of "minding one's own business", an accomplishment belonging to only one girl - Ann Berte.

To Marge Bowers - the precious "night cap" owned by Helen Strehle is very willingly bequeathed. "That's to keep your head from catching cold, Marge."

Doris Bourdeau leaves her "sun-tan" prescription to Ruth Dennison with the hope that she will follow the directions just as carefully as that particular senior girl did herself.

To Evelyn Rustemeyer - we bequeath the entire class' ability to "take it" (criticism).

Rowena Pittsinger leaves the whole of her wardrobe to whichever one of the two girls in the junior class it may fit.

To Janet Jillson - Ruth Card leaves all future "butler" parts, hoping that Janet will be able to portray them one-tenth as well as Ruth did.

Dot Dupell's duties as chaperon at all dances are transferred with pleasure to Betty Neyland.

To Betty Davine and Ginny Belanger - Margaret Stewart very thoughtfully leaves the long-sought after studio couch in front of Miss Underhill's room. Please use discretion, girls.

To Bertha Ray - the pride and prejudice of French aristocracy is left by the regal Irene Gingras.

To Margaret La Fontaine - the Bible and all its quotations is bequeathed by Marge Nevel. (Be sure to bring it to assemblies on Monday mornings, Peg.)

To Helen Gravelle - Doris Chonard bequeaths a set of twelve popular records, to be used for "poverty dances" only. In the event that they are used for any other purpose, Elizabeth Dresbold is given our full consent to break them, in Doris Chonard's backyard.

To Dot Jacob - the knack and the ability to sell anything from a vegetable to a peanut is left by that very capable salesgirl, Ruth Pomeroy.

To Anne Degnan - Muriel Sherman leaves her booklet entitled, *How To Be Beautiful Though Thin*. It might come in handy, Anne.

To Barbara Goodwin - the sole honor and art of how to preside at class meetings is very graciously bequeathed by Alma Benedetti.

To Louise Pignatielli - is revealed the secret of how to be healthy though loquacious, (the one who let the cat out of the bag being no other than Evelyn Lucy.)

Signed Catherine Shea

Ann Berte

Witnesses "The Russian Horse"

"The Greek God"



ALMA BENEDETTI

54 Bradford Street

North Adams, Mass.

Class President 4
Vice-President of Class 2, 3
Student Council 4
Chairman of Freshman Class 2
Drama Club 3, 4
Art Club 3

Head of Sports 3
Basketball 1, 2, 4
Archery 1
W.A.A. Board of Awards 1, 2, 3
Bridgewater Conference 3
Westfield Conference 4

*"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

Do you remember Alma as the good-looking furniture mover in the Christmas play, grinning happily as she worked? Somehow that was typical of Alma. Whenever there's work to be done, we find her there. When we need a friend Alma is always willing to listen to our tale of woe and we find her a sympathetic advisor. She is good to work with, good to play with, and good to look at. But no one can tell her so, because, above all, she is modest.

ANNA ELIZABETH BERTE

74 Perrine Avenue

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Drama Club Play 4
Drama Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Class Play 2

W. A. A. Secretary 3
Beacon Staff 2
Glee Club 2

President of House Council 3

"She smiles and the world is hers."

Or if it isn't, she grins and bears it, thereby making life pleasanter for everyone around her. Friends and acquaintances alike enjoy and value her sincerity and dependability, and envy her poise. It is by no means only on the stage (page "Evangeline") that she reads wise books, writes cleverly, and wears her clothes well.

DORIS MARIE BOURDEAU

116 Third Street

Turrs Falls, Massachusetts

Drama Club 1, 2, 3, 4
W. A. A. Vice-President 3
W. A. A. President 4

Glee Club 1, 2, 3
House Council 3
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4

Westfield Conference 4

" 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. "

Underneath Doris' reserve is an unusually friendly nature. Perhaps she tries to hide her real self, but she certainly does not succeed. Watch her hurrying capably about when she is doing committee work! As for her charm and vivacity on the dance floor,—nothing exceeds it but the vividness of her blushes when you tease her. We are all proud of Doris' athletic ability. And need we remind you of her interest in the manual arts?

RUTH ALICE CARD

1540 North Street

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Drama Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Drama Club Play 1, 4
Beacon 1

Chairman of Finances 3
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4
Archery 2
Tennequoit 2

"She'll find a way."

You're here—you're there—you're everywhere. A line from a popular song? No. We're just talking about our pal Ruth when there's something to be done. In other words she's always right on deck. We just naturally put Ruthie in the list of scholars. When it comes to math, and science,—well, you know the rest.

We hear that Ruth knows a lot about Mexico. In fact we think she would shine on the subject in a Human Relations class.





E. DORIS CHONARD

31 Veazie Street

North Adams, Massachusetts

Student Council 4

Reading Club President 3

Drama Club President 4

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4

Drama Club 1, 2, 3, 4

Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4

Drama Club Play 1, 4

"In athletics you excel,

It's hard to find your parallel."

Doris' part in the senior play was perfect for her. You never can tell about the underlying seriousness of these seemingly sophisticated people! Doris can fill many roles—in dramatics, in sports, and in scholarship. We are sure that Doris' good taste will carry her far, for "art is the keynote of her soul."



DOROTHY AGATHA DUPELL

56 Spring Street

Williamstown, Massachusetts

"Dot"

Glee Club 3, 4

Reading Club 3

Secretary Glee Club 3

Drama Club 4

Basketball 3, 4

"Her voice is like the warbling of a bird

So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear."

When she joined us, junior year, Dot was indeed an addition to our class. First, there was her voice. She proved to be a life-saver for us, for she came just when we most needed musical help. Many of us remember with gratitude her willingness to make her rumble seat an imitation of a sardine tin. And who can ever forget her cordial domesticity at the Drama Club dinner?



IRENE VIRGINIA GINGRAS

9 Leonard Street

Blackinton, Massachusetts

B. S., Massachusetts State College

Glee Club 4

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,

Courtous though coy, and gentle, though retired,

The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,

And ease of heart her every look conveyed."

The poet left out the dimples, though. And shouldn't there be something about books? Irene, who joined our class in senior year, was a welcome accession, from every point of view.



EVELYN LOUISE LUCY

15 Nelson Street

North Adams, Massachusetts

Class Treasurer 3, 4

Drama Club 1, 4

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4

W. A. A. Executive Board 1

"She is a little maiden with big ideas."

Evelyn has been the self-starter of many of the new ideas and plans for the class of '37. Even our marvelous singing was due in part to the "Za-Za Za" exercise,—a "Lucy idea." We shall never forget Evelyn's merry laughter, which has brightened up many hours at S. T. C., nor her infectious smile, nor the innocently solemn demeanour she could assume when necessary. Many thanks to you, Evelyn, for the hours spent in figuring out the class accounts! It must have been a complicated task, especially at the time of the Seven Cent Fair.

ELIZABETH RITA MEAD

33 Curtis Terrace

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

"Rita"

Student Council 1, 2 Class Day-Ivy Poem 3
Editor-in-Chief of the *Beacon* 4 Drama Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Beacon Staff 1, 2 Class Play 2
Massachusetts Press Conference 3 Glee Club 1, 2, 3
Chairman of Assembly Programs 3 Basketball 1, 2, 4

"From what has happened, we may infer what will happen."

From the heart of the Berkshires comes Rita—the girl who struggled 'neath the burning midnight oil to keep the *Beacon* shining. During the hours between dawn and dusk, if Rita is not reading a book—or writing one—she is functioning as informal assistant in the college library. In spite of collegiate trials, tribulations, and responsibilities, the social side has not been overlooked in Rita's scheme of things. Whether she is one of the gang on the dorm's second floor, or the other member of a party of two, one can always expect good fun from Rita.

MARJORIE NICHOLS NEVEL

976 State Road

North Adams, Massachusetts

"Marge"

The C. B., Gordon College, Boston

"She doeth little kindnesses,

Which most leave undone, or forget."

The dignity of quiet self-confidence is Marge's most notable characteristic. Her fine sense of humor, sincerity and power of sympathy have won for her many friends in this one year that she has been a member of our class. In the science of x and y, Marge has few equals, but, seriously, her spirit of industry explains to a large degree her ability as a student. We prophesy for Marge a successful career. She will be one of those teachers who truly "understands."

ROWENA HARRIET PITTSINGER

Chesterfield, Massachusetts

Vice-President of Class 1, 4 Secretary of Class 3
Glee Club Secretary 2 Glee Club 1, 2

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,

And in herself complete; so well to know

Her own, that what she wills to do or say,

Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

Which do you prefer for Rowena this classical quotation, or one from a contemporary and local source: "Cutest thing that's happened around here in a long time. She looks like somebody's little sister!"?

But you can't judge everything by size! Rowena counts heavily in our class, as steadfast worker and as staunch friend. And her eyes aren't small! How wide they can open with wonder, and how they can gleam with mischief.

RUTH POMEROY

Chesterfield, Massachusetts

"In everything we plan to do,

She's a good sport through and through."

Anybody who has been in Ruth's company knows that she is ready and willing for anything. Her ability to discuss practically any phase of geology will make her a favourite with the older pupils wherever she may teach. It was worth sitting through the dulllest class to hear Ruth, wide-eyed, say to the instructor, "But I don't see why!"

We're certain that her pupils will be grateful for her sense of humor and her unfailing goodnature.





CATHERINE HELEN SHEA
322 Ashland Street North Adams, Massachusetts
"Tiny"

Drama Club 2, 3, 4
Drama Club Play 4
Class Play 2
Beacon Staff 4
May Carnival 4
Class Day Speaker 3
May Queen 4

"Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair."

Although on the stage Tiny is the feminine lead of the senior class, in school life she is willing to be just one of the cast. But what a smiling member she is, unperturbed by the minor tragedies, always ready for comedy, never shirking her part in work. To save trouble, any list of her virtues, talents, and assets could be shortened by using the phrase *et al.*



MURIEL LUCILLE SHERMAN
28 Alden Avenue Pittsfield, Massachusetts
Glee Club 2 Basketball 3, 4

"A pearl of great price."

Muriel doesn't tell everything she knows. If she did, that would be saving a lot, because,—well, we were tempted to use that obviously apt quotation,

"And still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all she knew."

It isn't just lessons she knows. There isn't much she misses, and if you should eavesdrop upstairs, at noon, you'd find out that Muriel can be loquacious. And, by the way, we know why she has her assignments always ready. We find that every morning on her ride to school she studies to the purr of Joe's fast car.



WINIFRED K. SMITH
872 Mercer Street Albany, New York
"Winnie"

President of Student Council 4
President of Class 1, 2
Secretary of Student Council 3
New York Conference 4
Massachusetts Press Conference 3
House Council 3
W. A. A. Conference 1
Drama Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Drama Club Play 1, 4
Class Play 2
Ivy Orator 3
Beacon Staff 1, 4
Glee Club 2

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Winnie bears equably both the joys and sorrows which are the inevitable accompaniments of responsibility. She can be serious or frivolous, as the occasion demands. She can be infectiously amusing in a Noel Coward play, or becomingly serious as the representative of the student body at official ceremonies. In private life she is very "human", as her many friends know.



MARGARET HALLIDAY STEWART
2 Church Hill North Adams, Massachusetts
"Peg"

Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia
Glee Club 4

"In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow
Thou'rt such a touch, testy, pleasant fellow
Hast so much wit, and mirth and spleen about thee,
That there's no living with thee, or without thee."

Whenever the name Einstein is heard on the campus we know that the would-be mathematician and scientist is about. Her expository efforts in behalf of the historical points of interest in the Berkshire Hills will long be remembered by those who heard her. As wise as she is witty, she has added much to our class.

HELEN EMILIE STREHLE

10 Park Street

Turners Falls, Massachusetts

Drama Club Secretary 2

Glee Club 1, 2, 3

Basketball 1, 2, 4

Class Treasurer 1, 2

Secretary of House Council 3

"Still waters run deep."

What Helen is thinking about when she is so quiet she will never tell. But she isn't always quiet. Shall we ever forget the goals she made for us in basketball? She was the star forward of the Benedetti team. And she is a star, one of those "steadfast" ones, as a friend,—a friend equally ready to exchange serious confidences or to share decidedly unserious jokes.

As for her future, her career is, perhaps, not entirely in her own hands.



HELEN MARIE STOKEY

69 Bellevue Avenue

Adams, Massachusetts

Class President 3

Chairman of 7c Fair 4

Class Secretary 1, 2, 4

Class Day Welcome 3

Student Council 1, 2

Junior Prom Committee 3

Glee Club 1, 2

"She is kind as she is fair,

For beauty dwells with kindness."

Lo, here is our ambassador of good will! This is the lass who not only always knew, but *did* the correct thing. In work or play, Helen was always ready. She was the envy of us all. She never had to worry about whom she was to invite to a dance.

Her great difficulty here has been to maintain her identity at the office. Imagine mistaking anyone else for Helen. She still smiles on, whether it be at her "twin" or with her.



ALDINA ZORZIN

Marguerite Street

Lee, Massachusetts

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4

Glee Club 1, 2

House Council 3, 4

Art Club 3

"Sweeter than the breath of spring

Is the joy a friend can bring,

Who rejoices in our gladness

And gives solace in our sadness."

When a person needs a friend, Aldina is waiting. With kind yet truthful frankness she has always been ready to help. There is no sham or pompousness about Aldina. She has a gift for seeing life as it really is without its romanticism, yet she is not pessimistic nor cynical. She takes life and people for what they are truly worth. Whatever life may do to her it will never overcome her.



JUNIOR CLASS DAY

Thursday, June Eleven, at Two O'Clock

THE CALL

PROCESSIONAL

Svendsen

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Helen M. Stokey

SARABANDE

Stoessel

POEM

Fibich

String Ensemble

ADDRESS TO THE UNDERCLASSMEN

Catherine H. Shea

RESPONSE

Elizabeth Neyland, '38

PSYCHE

Paladilhe

THE DANCE

Moszkowski

Glee Club

AVE, SALVE, VALE!

Elizabeth Doris Chonard

CLASS SONG

Dorothy A. Dupell

RECESSIONAL

Richards

IVY EXERCISES

Ivy Song

Class of 1937

Ivy Address

Winifred K. Smith

Planting the Ivy

Helen M. Stokey

Response

Elizabeth Neyland, '38

Poem

Elizabeth Rita Mead

North Adams for Aye

DANCING ON THE GREEN

STEP SING

Taconic Hall

RECEPTION

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

President Eldridge, members of the faculty, parents, and friends:

To this class day, the class of 1937 bids you welcome. The time that is given to us today for these exercises is much too short to express our many thanks.

To you, President Eldridge and members of the faculty, we offer heartfelt gratitude. We entered this college with only a few ideas of what was meant by teaching. Through your guidance and leadership you have made us understand that to teach is more than to be present in a classroom telling children what to do. Now we know that being a teacher means that we are shaping the characters of the people who will form the next generation. We are especially grateful to the training school faculty. The experiences that you have given us are invaluable. All the time that you have spent with us will be doubly appreciated when we come to conduct our own classes. In your demonstrations you have set a goal for us toward which to work. This goal is far ahead of us at present, but we know there is a possibility of reaching it if we teach with you as our models.

Towards our parents we feel the deepest thankfulness. You are the ones who gave us the opportunity to gain the education which this college offers to the girls of Massachusetts. You started us in the public schools under the guidance of the teachers of your generation. Many of those teachers were graduates of this institution. You were so satisfied with the results of their work that you were willing for us to follow the same fine vocation. For three years we have been preparing for the teaching profession. This has meant great sacrifices to you, but we trust that you will be repaid in the work we do.

To the friends of this college we are greatly indebted, for you were the ones who saw the necessity of keeping this institution open. It was you who worked for the cause of education in this part of the state, you who have ever stood ready to aid us in time of need. Each one of you has helped us in your own particular way. It is fitting that you should be the ones who are here today.

We shall be students as long as we live, for to educate is to lead out--to guide from the known forward into the greater unknown.

In changing times like these, times of which it might well be said that they are "times that try men's souls", the future is indeed an unknown quantity to us. But whatever the developments of this rapidly advancing age, our children will need to be intelligent and loyal citizens. Our mission as teachers is to develop their intelligence and enrich their loyalty. At the reunion of the alumnae of this college, Commissioner Reardon said, "It is the end, the purpose of the school system of Massachusetts to train its children in a proper knowledge of and a true appreciation for their rights and their duties under the American system." It is toward this end that the schools of Massachusetts have been working for the past one hundred years, and it is toward this end that we shall devote our work.

Helen Stokey '37

ADDRESS TO UNDERCLASSMEN

Today I'm not going to tell you about life as a journey, life as a struggle, or life solemn with standards to maintain and lofty goals to achieve. I'm going to tell you about life as life. I'll not even pretend that this is the last time you are to see me. Consequently, if I make any broad sweeping statements now, next year you can see for yourself if I invalidate them.

Perhaps you are wondering what the topic "life as life" means. It's really very simple, the aspect of it that I shall discuss today. It just covers your life up here at college. We all know that college life isn't a simple one; neither is it so very difficult. We all have our ups and downs, times when things don't go along so smoothly as we would like to have them. However, sometimes we make mountains out of molehills, so to speak, and let little things get the best of us. Remember that it has been said, by Disraeli, that "Little things affect little minds."

Of course, this doesn't apply to you. Everyone knows what great minds teachers and students have. You never wail and moan about too much work to do; you never grumble and fret about trivial matters. Other students in other colleges do that, but not you.

You like all your teachers; that is, to a certain extent. But certainly, you are not like some grammar school and high school children who think of teachers in the same category as policemen, jailors, or judges. You think of them as your friends, desiring to help you, to enrich your lives with knowledges they have acquired and which you as yet have not had a chance to assimilate.

Your life up here need not be burdened and thwarted by petty arguments and jealousies. You can practice ahead for good citizenship by supporting wholeheartedly your club and class officers. Of course, you wouldn't dream of staying away from any social function, and you just beg for the honor of being on the clean-up committee after a dance. As for academic matters, you give credit where credit is due, and don't begrudge your friend a higher mark than you.

Is it not almost disconcertingly likely that the way we act up here will strongly influence the direction our characters will take when we are out of college? A degree is not going to work a miracle and make us over. Why not see to it that right now we free ourselves from the childish habits of small-mindedness, petty jealousies, silly quarrels, and unfair growling and grumbling.

In our life up here we have a mixture of duties and pleasures in connection with lessons and teacher-training, athletics, and social activities. Let us try to take the bitter with the sweet and be what we think we are, but usually aren't, broadminded.

Catherine Shea '37

ADDRESS TO THE UPPERCLASSMEN

The advice to the underclassmen I'm sure is gratefully received. But may I remind you that the misunderstood sophomores are no longer underclassmen? We are about to enter the sacred realm of the upperclassmen. Even the freshmen's rank has been moved up a peg. In short, we are not so insignificant as we were in September. Only by the light of your guiding lantern, dear upperclassmen, has our path been pointed out to us. Had it not been for these shining examples would the sophomores know exactly how clean the city keeps the nooks and crannies of the post-office steps? Would the freshmen know exactly how many inches long Main Street is? By the way, "Little things affect little minds." Perhaps Disraeli should have added a P. S. saying that this excludes upperclassmen. This would help us a great deal next year.

Yes, upperclassmen, the path of life at college is "life as life". You know, - just one happy song. But you optimistic lassies with your degrees within a stone's throw forget the ruts in this royal road to learning. Why bother with pessimistic ideas on a festive occasion like this? As you have said, life is no longer compared tritely to the well-known journey, that struggle, that climb, but there are still roads to be traveled. Modern traffic is confused and confusing, and we of the well known younger generation are learning to drive safely and skillfully. We do not carry a torch, but we are at the wheel, whether it be in a Model T or Rolls-Royce.

Betty Neyland '38



CLASS SONG

Oh Alma Mater, grand and dear,
We'll soon leave your halls.
We've spent happy hours here
And now as we pause,
Fond mem'ries come drifting
Like clouds thru the sky,
Conquests, dreams, and ambitions
And joys gone by.

Farewell, dear Alma Mater,
Our glad voices sing.
With praises unending
These cherished halls ring;
And, as we pass onward,
These joy-tinted days
Will not lessen our feeling
"Tho rosy the way.

Dorothy Dupell

Ave Salve Vale!

Hail, salutations, farewell! What a world of meaning can be read into this brief phrase. In these three short Latin words a whole lifetime could be summed up. *Ave, Salve, Vale!* If a person who was nearing the close of life should utter them, the emotion expressed in his voice might tell us the story of his life, of its heights and depths, its possible growth out of a fruitless, drab existence into a vital life, a life more rich, more abundant because of those heights and depths. We are still young, but surely in this same way the three years of college student's life might be elucidated by an interpretation of the words "Hail-salutations-farewell!"

For the junior class these words have a special significance. They have not merely been said by us; they have been lived vitally by us, in the sense that they express how we have felt during these past three years.

We entered this college, and in so doing entered upon a new type of life. This was our *Ave!* At first, perhaps, the answer to our bright "Hail" seemed just an echo, a reflection of our own thoughtlessly hopeful youth. We expected a cheery *Salve* in response. Perhaps some of us heard just the neutral echo, a sound devoid of significance, merely to be heard and forgotten; but most of us heard a sober note hinting of the struggles and difficulties to come. In it were undertones of disappointment as well as over-tones of hope and promise. We sensed a challenge and were unwilling to be happy on a minor note, to avoid the struggle, to miss the possible triumph of the full diapason of success.

As we progressed in knowledge and education we knew the meaning of that *Salve*. It was the greeting of the present--the echo of the past--a greeting to the joys and sorrows, the mistakes and achievements of our school life.

We are all individuals. Our pasts have been different, our futures undoubtedly will be divergent ones, yet our presents are comparably similar. We came together from widely dissimilar communities and families, with varying educational background, but we all came for a common purpose, the securing of an education so that we in turn might transmit that education to others. In obtaining that goal we have shared for three years a wide variety of experiences which, although we have kept through them all the mould of our own individualities, have served as a mortar cementing us together.

As graduation time draws near, that murmur of *Salve* seems to have risen to a peal of joy, joy in attaining a portion of our goal, joy because it is good to be young and to be the center of attention, joy in the praise of our parents and friends who are concerned with our progress.

And mixed with that emotion is another one, harder to define, yet deeply felt. It seems to be an intermingling of curiosity and expectancy, of doubt and hope as to what the future holds.

Indeed we hear another salutation, *Vale*, which is not merely a farewell to the past, but hail to the future; for most of us to another year of college, to real attainment, to another year of life which will bring work and play, laughter and sorrow. Today is not a day for unhappiness. We graduate tomorrow—yes—but it is not the end of college. It is a spur rather to greater effort in the future.

To us, then, the word *Vale* does not mean an irrevocable farewell, for in the coming year there will begin again the cycle of *Ave, Salve, Vale*. It will mean that again we shall meet new experiences. We shall discard them, or absorb and incorporate them, and go on living more fully, saying in our own way what Tennyson has so beautifully expressed:

“I am a part of all that I have met
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro’
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.”

Doris Chonard '37

IVY ADDRESS

Let me tell you about John. He is a garage man, a mechanic. An ordinary man who fixes cars? Oh, no, not John. He is a genial German, generous in size and generous of heart, with a special gift for making friends. A few weeks ago I was grumbling to John about all the work we had to do up here, about the late hours we had to keep in preparing lessons for the training school, about the heartlessness of the teachers and about exams coming on.

“But you always go back,” said John. “If it’s as bad as you say, why do you like it so well?”

If that question were put to anyone of the students here, each heart would hold the same answer to the question of why we are content here.

That which was said to be the secret of Charles Kingsley’s life is the secret of our happiness. When asked by Mrs. Browning what it was that made his life beautiful, Kingsley replied, “I had a friend.” There is nothing in life like friendship. It makes us strive for the best. It makes life beautiful and really worth living.

At no time can a girl afford to be without a friend, especially when she is away at school. Each year she will have laughter and loveliness to share, and each year she will have tears to be dried, and so through cloud and sunshine she will be glad of someone to go hand in hand with during those four brief years.

Several years ago a prize was offered for the best definition of a friend. The one which received the award was “A friend is the person who comes in when every other person has gone out”. It is only a friend who can penetrate the inmost feelings of a heart with her silent sympathy. The heartbreaks of youth can be understood only by a mother or by youth, and if mother is not there, it is all-important to have a friend near by.

Sometimes it’s academic troubles, grades, deficiencies, perhaps a carefully planned lesson that is a failure in the training school. Again it may be personal relationships, when we have been hurt by, or hurt those with whom we work and play. These are the times when we are glad of that friend to whom we can open the locked doors of our hearts and receive comfort for that soul aching and lonely.

Not all people come to friendships in the same way. My earliest recollection of a friend, outside of my family, is of Marj. I think I was in the third grade in a new school. Marj had on a green dress. She sat in the middle row in about the fifth seat. I was alone. I had forgotten my lunch, and Marj shared hers with me. Today with a little child's prayer on lips I say, "Thank you, God, for making me forget my lunch, and giving me Marj." If you search into the past, memories of your friends-in-need will surge into your hearts.

As we think back through these four years we can bring to mind the first acquaintances made here. Each will recall the Freshman Reception, when half timid advances were made to gain new acquaintances, the old study hall and its occupants, the dorm and its girls, the lunch room and those with whom we shared meals, Greylock hikes and the intimacies made then, basket ball games, plays and fellow-Thespians, picnic days and the pals we went swimming with. Each time we came together was an event because it meant a chance for deepened friendship.

Samuel Johnson once said, "If a man does not make acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair."

John, my friend the mechanic, must know the parts of an automobile and how these parts fit into the scheme of things in order to do a good repair job. We, too, must know the cogs in friendship in order to keep it in constant running condition, ready to go out and climb the high roads.

Our neighbor in Amherst whom we know as David Grayson remarks that "capacity for friendship increases. When a person's heart really opens to a friend, he finds there is room for two, and when he takes in the second, behold the skies lift and the earth grows wider and he finds there is room for two more".

Our hearts have opened and our chain of friends is increasing. We relinquish the joy of our associations in this college with the hope that these friendships which have taken root here will in some measure be like this ivy. They are not mushroom plants which grow over night and shrivel and decay. Their growth is slow, but each spring when April comes round, you may be sure that there are new leaves sent out from the original plant to catch the sun. And, if in this long ascent the groping tendrils find some flaws in the wall, they will gently cover over rough and smooth alike and cling to it more tenderly.

Winifred K. Smith '37



IVY POEM

The stars in the luminous heavens,
The moon so ethereal and white,
Nature revealing her glory
Of sea-breadth and mountain height;

Poplar trees, tall and slender,
Willows, weeping and sad,
The sunset aglow in the twilight
Uplift our hearts and make glad.

The ivy, too, bears its message,
That tiny and humble vine;
It symbolizes our feelings,
Our faithfulness, staunch and fine.

Though equally strong in courage,
We start from beginnings small,
But the greatness of all nature
Is reflected in us all.

Ivy that brings us a message
Each year at Commencement time,
You may be our inspiration
As ever you upward climb.

We hold fast to thee, Alma Mater,
We too have a goal sublime;
Your aim is our aspiration
To attain in the fulness of time.

With fidelity and with friendship
Tenacious in every heart,
We go out from our Alma Mater
Regretful that we must part.

However the years may divide us,
The ivy that we plant here
Shall remain forever to bind us
To our Alma Mater dear.

Rita Mead '37



SENIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

President	Alma Benedetti
Vice-president	Rowena Pittsinger
Secretary	Helen Stokey
Treasurer	Evelyn Lucy



JUNIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

President	Betty Neyland
Vice-president	Mildred Boyd
Secretary	Charlotte van Dam
Treasurer	Margaret La Fontaine

As graduates of high school we felt proud of ourselves and confident in our own powers. But when we entered college, we discovered that our knowledge was negligible and our inexperience vast. The new life that lay before us was to prove to be thrilling and impressive.

The solemnity and mystery of those first days were lightened by our Big Sisters. Then they showed us how fine Big Sisters could be, but as we became more sure of ourselves, they asserted the prerogatives of sophomores and firmly but quietly made it evident that we were freshmen. On the occasion of the two social events of the year entrusted to the freshmen, the Hallowe'en Party and the Freshman Reception, we put forth every effort to prove that we were worthy to take our place in the life of our college. After our class election, we were given one vote in the legislative body of the school, the Student Council. Thus our first year ended, and in every heart there glowed a warm love for our new mother.

Since that first year our affection and loyalty have steadily increased. As sophomores we took a more active part in school activities. It was our turn to play the role of Big Sisters, and we warmly and wholeheartedly welcomed our Little Sisters to college, hoping that the year before them would be as happy as ours had been.

As juniors we began to feel the real significance of what might be implied in the term teacher. Our weeks in the training school were profitable ones, and happy in spite of being disconcertingly enlightening. During this year it was that the president and friend who had welcomed us to college was taken from us. But we were soon to welcome an old friend as the new leader of our school - President Bowman.

These three years have been short, full years. They leave memories that will never dim: memories of friendships, parties, outings, intimacies. Next year may we prove to be seniors worthy of the name of true daughters of S. T. C.

Margaret Lanoue '38



SOPHOMORE CLASS

OFFICERS

President	Virginia Belanger
Vice-president	Dorothy Whitcombe
Secretary	Rita Conway
Treasurer	Helen Donnis

HISTORY

Hear ye! Hear ye! The second act of that great play "Class of '39" is just coming on the air. Act one ended on a happy note--new contacts, new friends, greater aspirations--a successful year!

Vacation was pleasant, but returning to school was even better. As sophomores we had the privilege of opening the 1936-37 social season with our hop. Did you go? It was fun! We felt rather proud of our efforts. After our fling we settled down to a steadier pace. In fact, although we try to keep it secret, the sophomores studied. Be that as it may, Christmas came along. Several of us were in the Christmas play and all of us took willing parts in the Christmas-New Year holiday.

The second semester started slowly. Routine once more claimed us but--we found a Cause--a trip to Boston. To this end, we devoted our spare time, first to a dance, and then to a bridge-whist. Both were worth our efforts. At present the fleeting moments are rushing by fast enough to keep our heads in, shall we say, a constant motion, mostly circular. But with a little luck, a fair amount of work, and a great deal of worry, we hope to enter successfully our junior year.

V. B., '38



FRESHMAN CLASS

OFFICERS

President	Barbara Goodwin
Vice-president	Shirley Rudnick
Secretary	Elaine McCormick
Treasurer	Marie Pierce

HISTORY

With an eager gleam in our eyes and an almost imperceptible trembling in the region of our knees, we, the freshmen, on a memorable day last September, presented ourselves to be noted coldly and casually as members of this institution.

Before we had wandered long through the corridors, knowing none and unknown to all, our ever-thoughtful Big Sisters took us under a protecting wing and formally introduced us to the dictators of classroom and campus, the teachers and upperclassmen, at the Freshman Reception.

Of course the sophomores, delighting in their transformation from the squelched to the squelchers, immediately started their hazing by presenting us with brilliant orange hair-ribbons and an obnoxious set of rules. Those perky bows, however, instead of imparting a feeling of insignificance, served only to emphasize the pep and individuality characteristic of the class, while the rulings became the cause of many a struggle in which the freshies always held their own.

Then came our chance to show our capacities to the fun-loving members of the school. Black cats and witches, corn-stalks and dragons were the signals for starting the fun which extended through a hilarious evening.

Early in our career we saw the need for better organization, so straightway set about electing a very efficient group of officers. (They needed to be efficient!)

Suddenly we found ourselves plunged into a season of social events tempered by studies. Every club, every dance, every party had its freshmen. All the foolish escapades, startling reforms, and some of the worthwhile work could be traced to our enterprising class.

The spring brought with it the climax of our social attempts. For the freshman dance College Hall was transformed into a fairyland by deft fingers and brains. Cynical upperclassmen approached with supercilious attitudes, and, after a gala evening, left with admiration in their eyes.

So closes a year packed full of all college can offer. We've come to treasure the traditions of the school, the guidance of the teachers, and the friendships of the students, and we only hope that in this very brief time we've added something memorable, something of value.

Dorothy Stead '40

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The Beacon Staff

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Catherine Shea '37

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Shirley Champlin '38

Assistant Managers

Winifred Smith '37

Helen Donnis '39

Advisor

Miss Mary Underhill



The Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

President	Doris Chonard '37
Vice-president	Shirley Champlin '38
Secretary	Ruth Dennison '38
Treasurer	Marjorie Bower '39

The main achievement of the Drama Club this year has been the presentation of a three act play of Noel Coward's, "I'll Leave It To You." The play was a success dramatically, we hope, and financially, we know. When Katherine Cornell decides at what date she will open in Boston, we hope to decide to go see her play in *Candida*. And when spring condescends to arrive, we shall go on a picnic. We couldn't enjoy it more than we did the Drama Club dinner, given on the occasion of the admission of the freshman members. Much of the talent displayed on that occasion must forever go unrecognized. Miss Underhill, our advisor, has asked as to say that she knows how super-insistent she has been in her pleas that we attend the best movies and read the plays we cannot go to see. To her question, "Wasn't it worth it?" we answer, vehemently, "Yes!"



W. A. A.

OFFICERS

President	Doris Bourdeau '37
Vice-president	Charlotte van Dam '38
Secretary	Louise Long '39
Treasurer	Mildred Boyd '38
Head of Sports	Helen Donniss '39

The freshmen, informally introduced to our sports program by an invitation to a corn roast early in the fall, showed us immediately that they were eager and rarin' to go. In fact they were so anxious to make an impression that they even gathered wood with alacrity. It was not quite so lively a group, however, which, somewhat weak in the knees from climbing, viewed the immortal hills from the Greylock Beacon on our annual mountain day. Throughout the winter, the freshmen, influenced by the spontaneity of the three upper classes, continued to hold their own in all sports, being especially adept in basketball.

With the arrival of snow, plans for a winter carnival were formulated. Although old King Snow failed us, the affair wasn't too much like *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out, for our fifty guests from our sister colleges helped us to make things lively.

In March, in order that our social life should not be neglected, we sponsored a dance, and our members stepped to the syncopated rhythm of Harry Hart's orchestra. In May we offered congratulations to the sophomores for putting over such a pleasant Play Day in spite of the sun's failure to assist. And shall you ever forget how perfectly grand Tiny looked as she was ushered to the throne on May Day? We all felt as if we were really ladies-in-waiting at the queen's court.

Yes, it has been a busy year, packed full of all sorts of exciting events. Everyone has tried her best to live up to the motto, "A sport for every girl and a girl for every sport."



The Student Council

OFFICERS

President

Winifred K. Smith

Secretary-Treasurer

Margaret Lanoue

The Student Council has tried to fulfill the objectives of its constitution; that is, to formulate and enforce regulations for student conduct, and to further the general interests of the student body.

We were happy to welcome President Bowman to our school and to have him present at many of our meetings. We pledged him the support of the entire student body and tried to assist him in every way possible in his new responsibilities. We were also glad to welcome Miss Weston as our woman faculty advisor.

Under the leadership of the Council, a new ring was designed and was adopted as the standard school ring.

This year we thought that it would be a worthwhile activity for some of our members to attend the New York Conference. From the reports of the two delegates, it certainly proved to be a most valuable experience.



The Glee Club

OFFICERS

President	Helen Gravelle '38
Vice-president	Louise Long '39
Secretary-Treasurer	Mary Kidney '39
Librarian	Dorothy Stead '40

With Miss Lillian Boyden as its able director the Glee Club has enjoyed a full and enriching year. The height of its season's activities was reached on February twelfth at the concert to which the public was invited. A guest soloist, a double piano feature, a specially trained group of voices and choral speaking were presented, in addition to regular Glee Club numbers.

On May fourteenth the club sponsored a concert given by Miss Agnes Deep in the College Hall. The Glee Club has also provided music for various college entertainments and exercises throughout the year, not the least of which was singing before the dignitaries of the state at the installation of our new president, Grover C. Bowman. The first week in June the members enjoyed a picnic.

We of the Glee Club have had such pleasure in our activities of the year that we look forward with anticipation to 1937-38.

Mary Kidney '39



Members of the String Ensemble

<i>Pianist</i>	Eleanor Wheeler '40
<i>1st. Violin</i>	Miss Beth Weston
<i>1st. Violin</i>	Margaret La Fontaine '38
<i>2nd. Violin</i>	Ruth Dennison '38
<i>Clarinet</i>	Louise Long '39
<i>Trumpet</i>	Irma Klammer '39
<i>Cello</i>	Miss Lillian Boyden, <i>Director</i>

BEACON BEAMS

GRANGER INTERFERES

To write, or not to write - - that is the question; and what to write - - aye, there's the rub. Wait! I have an idea - - but it's gone. An untimely interruption in the shape of a West Highland terrier snuffs out the candle of genius and my mind is a blank. Just at present the aforementioned canine is audibly languishing his little heart out because of his inability to reach some brother doggies whom he hears outside. By dint of a little stretching, his paws just about reach to the window ledge and he pillows his head on the sill and emits agonized yelps and groans from the very depths of his doggish soul.

I really believe he occupies an important position on the staff of the *Dogtown Evening Gazette*, so much of his time does he spend in gazing out of the window when he isn't poking his inquisitive little nose into anything and everything which doesn't concern him.

A short time ago he developed an amazing fondness for cheese. It happened that in the course of his wanderings he came upon a mouse trap set and baited with a luscious morsel. Led on by the tantalizing odor of the delicacy, he proceeded to investigate the trap. It was a whiskerless and badly frightened puppy who bolted upstairs a second later and took refuge under his mistress' bed, from which place of safety he emerged later that afternoon a chastened and a wiser dog. Next day, so I am told, appeared in the daily publication of *Dogtown* an article warning all dogs who value their whiskers to beware of the delicious but alas! decidedly dangerous delicacy known as cheese. The article was signed "One Who Knows."

But here comes Ruff, my big black setter, and with his advent all my hopes of peaceful concentration are dispelled. Ruff is the proud owner of two long, shaggy ears which are ever bones of contention between the two dogs. It may be that Granger is of the opinion that long, black ears would enhance his particular style of beauty or that the setter's ears were made expressly for his amusement. At any rate, he never fails to avail himself of an opportunity to pull them. And usually Ruff humors him good-naturedly. Occasionally, however, the big dog seems to have weightier matters at hand, and at these times he gently but firmly puts Granger on the floor and stalks off in stately dignity. But Granger, nothing daunted, tags along behind him, pulling at his hind legs and utterly spoiling the effect of Ruff's exit. So he frolics through life, now in, now out of all sorts of scrapes, romping his way into the hearts of the stoniest dog haters and gladdening them with his winsome ways. Oh, for the life of a dog, where science facts and English themes can hold no horrors!

Rita Mead '37

MEMORIES

Yes, the old farm has been sold. That simple sentence holds a world of meaning for me. My earliest recollections are of happy summer days at my grandfather's farm. In fact, part of every summer of my life has been spent there. Thinking about these unforgettable good times and knowing that they represent a closed chapter in my life (closed by the sale of the farm) makes me feel old. Old at seventeen sounds laughable, doesn't it? But my tenderest memories center about the old farmhouse and red barn. It can remember how even when I was very small, I was always anxious for summer to come so that we could go back there. We had such fun haying, berrying, and playing out-of-door games, or hiking to the nearby lake for swimming and boating, but the rainy days at the farm were best of all. We made the rafters ring with our shouts as we jumped in the hay, each daring jumper trying to out do the other. Speaking of daring brings to my mind the day our whole "tribe of kids" (as we called ourselves) walked the ridge pole of the barn! When we were tired of games and jumping, the hay loft with its cushiony, dusty sweet hay made a perfect spot for story telling.

Nothing very thrilling or exciting, you say. No, but those bright summer days form a golden chain of memories and the rainy days seem like tiny gems here and there in the chain. Yes, the old farm is gone, but the memories are mine to keep always.

Beth Lane '40

AFTER THE DANCE

Good night! Good n-i-ight! Voices waft back through the calm stillness, merry laughter fades away in the distance, and suddenly I find myself in the dim solitude of my own room.

All the glamour of the dance seems unreal, a dream of the long ago. Vaguely I recall a myriad of bright lights, the awe-inspiring straightness of the receiving line, and shining floors reflecting white shirt-fronts and colors from the gayest reds to the most delicate pastels. Above it all comes the strains of a dreamy waltz broken suddenly by a bit of syncopation. Music rules every movement, every word, every thought. Bits of conversation, intricate steps, whirling, dipping, laughing, joking—on with the dance!

The chiming of a clock brings me back with a jerk to cold reality. The vision grows dimmer and dimmer, and the chintz curtains, once so admired and now so drab, become more and more real. I catch a fleeting glimpse of myself in the mirror. Startled, I pause. To whom belong the sparkling eyes, the rosy flush of excitement and the light, tapping feet? This gown, bright as the plumage of imaginary birds, this faint recollection of dancing on and on, — these can't be mine.

Puzzled, I slide into my comfortable, yet somehow distasteful, bed. A feeling of let-down, one of slight disappointment and longing, invades my senses, only to be soon replaced with the dream. Gliding, laughing, turning, chattering— on with the dance!

Dorothy Stead, '40

PURELY PERSONAL PIFFLE

Some of the items in the last issue caused minor furors. I await the results of these few gentle remarks.

* * * * *

It seems a shame that some of the best dancers at a recent charity ball didn't return after intermission. It couldn't be that they didn't like the music. What then?

* * * * *

Some requests have been made that one of our very talented young ladies compose a new song entitled "Rhapsody in Brown". No doubt she could do it. There's nothing like love to bring out the genius in a person.

* * * * *

Congratulations to the lucky chap who has won the hand of one of our freshmen. Don't forget, Mrs. Bride-to-be, I have an invitation to your cabin in Maine!

* * * * *

Here's news! At last the dorm will have more comfortable furniture. Can't you imagine sitting on a comfortable davenport before our fireplace? Well, there's no harm in imagining.

* * * * *

The mailman didn't tell me, but then he didn't have to. Every day he leaves a letter written in a beautiful masculine hand for a senior girl.

* * * * *

Some of our couples at dances are going Greta Garbo on us. It seems "they want to be alone."

* * * * *

Fashion in some centers dictates zippers to be worn on almost every garment. New swing skirts have them; pockets are made bright by them; everyone wants them. Everyone but a member of the Drama Club play.

Now that full skirts are back, we'll all be looking around for escorts who can swing us to the graceful Strauss waltz. Right at present I can think of one in particular who would find favor in the eyes of one senior young lady.

* * * * *

This strikes me as being a very good description. Life is like a huge wheel and we are like insects flying against it, giving it a push and then falling off to the ground.

W. K. Smith '37

BOOK REVIEW

The Higher Learning In America - - Robert Maynard Hutchins

This book is one which should challenge us if for no other reason than the fact that we are representatives of the profession which President Hutchins attacks. *The Higher Learning in America* is an educator's answer to the question, What is the matter with American education? Mr. Hutchins knows what the matter is with American universities and he knows what to do about it. Throughout the four chapters of his book, he hurls merciless criticisms at our educational system and hands the public at large as well as the educational world a rebellious book of revolutionary theory.

Mr. Hutchins asserts that our higher education suffers from chaos due to a love of money, a misconception of democracy, and an erroneous idea of progress. The emphasis of education has shifted from learning how to think to learning how to adjust one's self to an industrial society. The pursuit of truth is the aim which Professor Hutchins urges in the higher learning, for he believes that "real education is the cultivation of the intellect."

Mr. Hutchins conceives a reformation by complete separation of general and liberal education from professional and technical education. The completeness of the separation set us is indicated by such passages as: "I concede the probable necessity in some fields of practical training which the young man or woman should have before being permitted to engage in the independent practice of a profession. Since by definition this training cannot be intellectual and since by definition a university must be intellectual, this type of specific training for specific jobs cannot be conducted as part of the university's work." He suggests that technical and research institutes be created in connection with the university for students who wish practical training after completing their general higher educational courses.

This book represents a swing away from the practical and material toward the intellectual. Mr. Hutchins asks no more than that we think about the matter, and, if we agree, that we organize a few universities on the basis he suggests. As a member of the teaching profession, why not read this book and formulate your own opinion on the matter?

Rita Mead '37

WHY HAPPY ENDINGS?

Of late the movies have been grafting happy endings to moving pictures which definitely should not have them. Why is it so? A few years ago the great American public revolted against the trivial type of film that was being presented, and, as a consequence, we are seeing moving pictures of higher standards.

Shall we get true conceptions in our films only by another strong and insistent protest, or is it that the movie-goers as a whole really want their entertainment to end pleasantly? If it is true that the movie public in America stubbornly refuses to give up its idealism and become realistic to a certain extent, one might expect to see portrayed on the screen in the future plays like the goody-goody stories of our childhood wherein every villain is punished and every upstanding character amply rewarded.

Doesn't it really rankle your soul to see a movie which ought, if it is depicted with fidelity to life and to the story from which it is adapted, to end unfavorably (for some), come triumphantly forth with a joyful finish? I hope that some day the taste of the

movie-goer will reach a higher level, that he will demand reality in pictures and will scorn those with silly, "ideal" happy endings. I don't mean that we should determinedly stamp out all our idealism. That would be impossible and even tragic. But we should try to see things with a little more realism, at least up to the point of understanding when the motion picture industry is insulting our intelligence. Trying to make us swallow stuff that even children recognize and pass by as no good is undoubtedly just that, ---insulting our intelligence.

Mary T. Kidney '39

MEMORIES OF OUR WINTER CARNIVAL

"Tramp, tramp, tramp - the girls are marching-----" Marching where? Why, don't you remember? Marching home from the winter carnival. It was a good day for hitch-hiking though. By hook or crook (or was it some other method) we all got home in time for a huge dinner.

Who doesn't believe in jinxes? Didn't Miss Weston break her ankle; didn't the weather man fail us? What about the truck that never got there, and what about Marg's ankle?



Shall we ever forget the compliments about the Berkshire scenery, and the remarks about the "clear mountain air" in North Adams? The soft coal didn't matter to them. Some of the girls were so thrilled with everything that they got up at the unheard of hour of six to go for a hike before breakfast.

The girls from Lowell were so talented that they composed songs on the spur of the moment. Remember how they sang in the dining room? Nothing rowdyish about their singing. Dorm girls ought to take note.

More than one girl came away from the lecture by James Parker highly enthusiastic over skiing, but no one has had a chance to improve her technique so far this season.

Thanks again to the girl scouts of Williamstown for the use of their cabin. Wouldn't it be ideal if we could have a cabin off in the hills. Why not?

Ann Berte '37

LITTLE GIRL BLUE

The new Christmas skis are covered with dust
But sturdy and stanch they stand.
And the tubular skates are brown with rust,
And their straps are as crumbly as sand.

Time was when the feathery snow fell fast,
And the skiing was passing fair,
But the Christmas time brought no icy blast---
No wint'ry strife or care.

"Now don't you go till I come," I said
As gently I put them down.
And skipping off to my downy bed,
I dreamt of a snow-covered town.

And as I was dreaming an angel song
Came drifting, and made me blue.
I now I know that the dream was wrong,
But the new Christmas skis are true.

Aye, faithful to winter and cold they stand,
Each in the same old place.
Awaiting the grip of an icy hand,
The smile of a happy face.

And they wonder as waiting these long weeks through,
In the dust of the attic stair,
What has become of the ice and snow
Since I carefully put them there.

Bertha Ray '38
(per E. F.)

REFLECTIONS

Music is vain except it soothe the soul;
Beauty is lost except it stir the heart;
Sound exists not unless it's heard and felt.

Out of confusion
Out of the choas
Dawns a faint ray of light—
A way out.

No matter how dark
No matter how hopeless
Time brings solution—
A way out.

Out of unhappiness
Out of disaster
Come new pathways—
A way out.

Such fun it is to write
Of this and that;
To see the marks scratched on fresh white paper—
Marks that run on and on,
Suddenly to break in upon one's mind
In startling freshness.
What has been written?
Each reader thinks he knows.

M. N.

If I can trust myself
To do what I would praise in others,
To stay far from dishonor and deceit,
To face the front and keep from turning backwards,
And never boast myself by others fall.
If I can trust myself - -
Then, I am satisfied.

Dorothy Stead '40

DISENCHANTMENT

I entered the magic garden - - -
The gate slowly closed behind me.

As I looked ahead,
I could see silver and gold trees;
Jeweled fruit hung from their branches;
Further along, a slim mermaid spouted water,—
Cool water, bitter water.
It stung me into consciousness.

I left the magic garden - - -
The gate slowly closed behind me.

V. B. '39

PARALLEL?

The snow is falling:
It started silently,
Each flake fell slowly, - -
But now it covers the ground.

A war has started:
It came screaming out of the night,
Each moment is fiercer, - - -
And now it covers the earth.

I like the snow.

V. Belanger '39

OH, WELL

The milky mist of morning
Is rising from the sea;
The cool and quiet waters
Are beckoning to me.

I'm free a while to wander
Through weed and shell and sand;
The water soon will leave me - -
I'm tied fast to the land.

The sun is rising quickly,
It's springing to the sky;
It binds my mind to labor
So back to work go I.

V. Belanger '39

A—WORKIN'

A-layin' in the corner
A-wonderin' what to do
A-lookin' at my home work
And feelin' Oh! so blue.

A-thinkin' of vacations,
Of days and weeks sped by
A-wonderin' if the homework
Can be finished if I try.

A-listenin' to the merry shouts
Of friends, so light and gay,
Then, a-doin' a little homework
Just to end the weary day.

Dorothy Stead '40





SHERMAN



CARD



DUPELL



STREHLE



ZORZIN



BOURDEAU



MEAD

AUTOGRAPHS

